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Skelaton People



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Chapter 1 by Jack Frost

They started out in the grave yard. Coming back to life, and killing their families. It started about two years ago. It just started out as one or two, then every where around the city they started to come back. We called them skelaton people.

Chapter 2 by R



You might be wondering: why skelaton? That, my friend, was because we need humor even in the darkest of times. It's the only way to survive.

They started in Skela, a small Serbian town, and within a day they were all dead. The news spread like wildfire, and everyone barricaded their doors and the graveyards were put on lock down.

At least, at least with their bony structure they weren't wearing the faces of loved ones. That would have been so much more worse.

There is only one rule the skelatons seem to follow: they hunt their family.

We walled up the big cities, herded the living in. Made sure the dead were burned. Genealogy became big. Figure out how many are buried in certain areas. It let some people walk free.

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I know my family. My immigrant status has given me near immunity to hunt these monsters down. All of my family had been Icelandish born and bred for generations, and the only family I could name was European. America was free hunting grounds, and they needed people to exterminate the Skelatons. People who wouldn't be attacked until they threw the first punch.

I was more than happy to fill that role.

Write a draft for chapter 3 of 8 (1 draft)

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